The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--Cicero.

VOLUME VI. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1877. NUMBER 14.

Our Daily Reckoning.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But, if through all the life-long day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done nothing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

"TRAMP, TRAMP."

A lonely country road, with the night closing upon it; the sun set and the sky black, and white streaks where he had been; the color gone from all the earth, even from the many-tinted maples and sumacs that an hour before had flamed in their October brilliancy; the air frosty and fresh—just the night to go bowling swiftly home in a light wagon over a well-graded road, with the prospect of a bright fire and hot supper at the end of the journey.

Mrs. Cuthbert wished that her husband would come "bowling home," as she lighted the lamp and placed it in the center of the pretty tea-table, so daintily set forth with her wedding glass and silver; the supper would not be fit to eat if he were much later, and Mrs. Cuthbert was too conscientious a housewife not to feel alarmed at the idea of her good things being spoiled, but, like the even-tempered little woman she was, she only put an extra stick on the wood fire crackling on the hearth, and settled down in her favorite arm-chair, with her sewing to keep her hands busy, while her ears were on the alert for her husband's step, or a cry from the baby up stairs.

She was quite alone, it being one of those periods that so often befall American housekeepers, when the "help" has taken it into her head to depart without waiting for a successor to be appointed.

The fire snapped and blazed, the clock ticked on, and all was quiet. But, if Mrs. Cuthbert had chanced to look up, she might have seen a face pressed close against the window-pane—an ugly face, with a rough beard and tangled hair, a broken nose that looked most unprepossessing flattened on the glass, and eyes that gleamed greedily at the silver on the table—but she did not, and all was quiet.

The clock struck 7, and Mrs. Cuthbert started, surprised and distressed. She forgot about the supper frizzling away to nothing in the oven, and began to worry about her husband—it was such a lonely walk, if it were only two miles, and she did wish he would come.

Footsteps on the front porch sent her fears to the wind, and a spirit of mischief took possession of her in their stead; the door was locked, and she would make him wait a few minutes to pay him out for making her wait so long.

She bent her head and pretended not to notice, even when she heard the steps descend from the porch and tramp over the grass to the window.

The sash was violently thrown up, and the ugly face that had been regarding her a short time before was thrust into the room, and then a fierce voice demanded;

"Why don't yer come and open the door for me?"

Mrs. Cuthbert nodded her pretty head, and, without turning round, answered, saucily:

"No, sir, I don't mean to let you in to-night."

The ugly face looked thunder-struck, then frightened, and finally two grimy paws clutched the window, shutting it with a crash that made the glasses quiver, and the ugly face was gone.

"Oh, dear, now he's angry—I always carry my fun too far," cried Mrs. Cuthbert, springing from her chair and rushing into the hall.

"George! George!"

She turned the lock.

"George!"

The porch was empty, but she caught sight of a dark figure hurrying up the path to the barn.

"Oh, you're not going to hide from me in that way, sir," she called out, running down the steps and on toward the barn.

The dark figure was swallowed up in the great black doorway before she reached it.

"Oh, you great goose!" she said, standing on the threshold, "don't you suppose I can find you? You had better give yourself up at once."

Then she waited. The dark figure crouched still closer behind the old carriage, and there was no answer.

"I shall find you, sir; I know every corner," she gave warning, then, with arms stretched out before her, commenced the search. In and out among the barrels and boxes she went in the utter blackness, calling out merrily now and then that she would find him and punish him for giving her so much trouble. Once she almost touched the shrinking figure; but it held its breath, and she passed on.

It was a weird game of hide-and-seek, the dark figure with the ugly face cowering among the wheels, listening with a strange kind of savage fear to the light footsteps that sounded now here, now there; he heard them climb the ladder and patter about in the loft overhead, then come down again, and the voice—not so merry now—repeat her assurance of finding the truant, and a sudden desire entered his brain to spring upon her and choke her. It would not be the first time he had done such a deed, but her perfect audacity seemed to paralyze him, and again she passed him all unconscious. He saw her pause in the doorway, dimly outlined against the sky, and then disappear down the path.

"Ef she ain't the pluckiest un!" he growled, as he crept from behind the carriage. "Hanged ef she ain't a ghost or suthin'." And, with this peculiar comment on Mrs. Cuthbert's bravery, he shook himself and made his way out of the barn with a sidelong gait, as if he were used to slinking in and out of places.

Mrs. Cuthbert meanwhile sped on to the house, her steps hastened by the idea that her husband might be there—perhaps he had slipped out of the barn while she was up in the loft, or perhaps he had not gone into the barn at all.

Alas for her hopes! The sitting-room was empty, and just as she had left it.

Not despairing yet, she snatched up the lamp, and determined to search the house. From room to room she went, calling upon George, and looking into every closet and behind and under every article of furniture, but not a glimpse of her husband gladdened her eyes, and at last she sat down by the baby's cradle and burst into tears.

"Oh, how can he be so cruel!" she sobbed, "and for such a little thing. He might have known I was only in fun; but maybe he's only in fun himself, and will come in soon."

Cheered by this last reflection, she trotted briskly down stairs, stirred the fire into a blaze, and stood watching it, too fidgety to settle to her sewing again. The wood fire flamed noisily, then glowed a silent red, then crumbled and fell, an untidy, dreary mass of whitened ashes and dying embers, and still her husband did not come.

The clock struck nine, and Mrs. Cuthbert looked at it reproachfully, as if it were the time-piece's fault that it was so late. Where was her husband? Perhaps he was wandering about in the dark, unable to find the house. Why hadn't she thought of that before? She would put a lamp in every room.

And in a few minutes lights were twinkling from all the windows, giving the little cottage quite a gay and festive air. Who could have guessed that a lonely woman and a sleeping child were its sole occupants? Not the dark figure with the ugly face, doubled up under the lilac bushes that bordered the gravel path.

As the hours wore on, another dark figure joined the one of the ugly face, and was greeted with an oath upon his laziness, and the information that "something was up," that the first chance was "spiled," and they would have to "lay to a while;" and then both the dark figures, with many a curse and shriver, crouched together, biding their time.

Poor Mrs. Cuthbert, as the night crept on, wandered from window to window, with the vague feeling that if she could not see her husband from one, she might from another. Sometimes she stood at the door, listening intently, and conjuring every breath of wind into the longed-for footsteps, her heart dying within her at each fresh disappointment. She must have walked miles in that small house; the baby waxed restless, and she was up many times to replace the coverings that the sturdy little legs had thrown off in climbing the invisible mountain that a child is always ascending in his sleep.

The clock struck 1. How like the voice of fate it sounded! It was not at all the cheerful ting that, when the sun was shining, had announced the dinner hour that day.

A distant dog barked, and Mrs. Cuthbert went to the door; she had resumed her sewing to keep herself from going distracted, and she still clasped it in her hand. What a black, black night! and how cold the wind was! Hark! she was certain she heard voices by the gate. Yes, she *did*. Just then the baby began to cry, and, only stopping to call back, "In a moment, darling," she plunged down the walk.

All was silent; there was no one there. She stood with her hand upon the gate a few seconds, looking eagerly up the road, and then walked back slowly to the house.

As the front door closed the lilac bush by the gate quivered, and two dark figures crawled from under it.

When Mrs. Cuthbert laid the baby in his cradle, after singing him back to the invisible mountains, the clock struck 2, and Mrs. Cuthbert looked hopelessness in the face.

George was never coming home she decided. It was no use watching; he was never coming home any more. Then, as the next gust of wind sent a twig rattling on the gravel, she was at the window, straining her eyes as she had been doing all the evening.

How strange every familiar object in the house seemed! the lights burned so whitely, and the sitting-room looked so uncanny, with the tea-table spread, and the hands of the clock marking the small hours. An unseasonable moth went banging about the ceiling with what sounded a tremendous noise in the dead silence, and the fire refused point-blank to be cheerful, despite the armfuls of wood piled on it.

How the hours dragged! She seemed to have lived years since she heard those footsteps on the porch. Why had she been such a fool?

It was 5 o'clock now, and the roosters far and near began to herald the approach of dawn. The sky turned from black to gray, and a whitish smudge in the east announced the rise of the glorious sun.

Mrs. Cuthbert put out the lights and went to the front door. A drizzling rain had set in, and the damp, raw air made her shudder. She went back to the sitting room, and in a dreary, mechanical kind of way, lit the fire there and in the little kitchen; then brought baby down stairs, washed and dressed him as usual, and put him on the floor to play while she prepared his bread and milk.

But baby was not destined to get his breakfast just yet, for at that moment a light step was heard in the entry, and a tall young man walked into the room. The bread and milk were dropped anywhere, and Mrs. Cuthbert flung herself into his arms, sobbing, crying, and begging his pardon all in a breath.

"I'll never do it again. Won't you forgive me, George?"

"Forgive what? I haven't anything to forgive," said the astonished George.

"Oh, yes you have. I know it was dreadful wicked of me; but I'll never do it again."

"What on earth is the matter?"

"Won't you forgive me?" was all Mrs. Cuthbert's answer.

"Eleanor, what *is* the matter?" demanded the distracted young man, all kinds of awful visions flying through his brain. "What have you done?"

"Why, didn't let you in when you came home last night. I only meant to keep you waiting a little while."

"When I came home last night? Why, I haven't been within fifteen miles of the house since 7 o'clock yesterday morning. I've just come down on the 4:30 train."

"Didn't you come home last night?" gasped Mrs. Cuthbert.

"Come home? No, of course I didn't; I've been working at the office half the night. Didn't you receive my telegram saying that I should be detained in the city all night?"

"No; I haven't received any. What does it all mean?"

And then she told him all about it—in rather an incoherent style, to be sure; but she made him understand, and he was greatly puzzled as to who it could have been.

Mrs. Cuthbert, now that her mind was relieved, began to remember that she had eaten nothing since dinner the day before, and was soon flying about broiling ham and poaching eggs, stopping to have a hearty laugh over the charred remains of her husband's supper, which she took from the oven. Then they sat down to the tea table, baby and all, and ate their breakfast.

That afternoon the village youth who did their "chores" was unusually late in coming, but when he did arrive it was with such a budget of news that his tardiness was forgiven.

He had been an eye-witness to the capture of two burglars at 'Squire Jones'; they had been discovered in the very act of carrying off the silver.

"Laws, how they fit!" said the boy. "They smashed Bill Williams' head in with the plate basket, an' came most near hittin' me, an' when we had 'em caught tight, how they did talk! They cussed and swore, an' one of 'em—a feller with a powerful ugly face—said as how they wouldn't her been nabbed if they hedn't been foolin' round another house all the evenin'; an' he sez, 'There's one of the pluckiest women there,' sez he; 'why, when I hollered into the winder at her, she didn't mind it no more than nothing',' sez he, 'an' hanged if she didn't foller me out to the barn, an' go pokin' round after me in the dark!'"

Mrs. Cuthbert clung to her husband, and shuddered at this part of the narrative.

"An' he sez," the boy went on, "he sez, 'I s'pose I should hev knocked her on the head if she hed bin a man, but the blamed pluck of sich a little thing jist completely flabbergasted me'—that's just his words; an' he sez that she come out after him again, when he an' his pal was hidin' under some bushes, an' they was afraid to tech her, 'cause they seen suthin' shinin' in her hand, an' didn't know but it might be a six-shooter."

"My scissors, I suppose," faintly murmured Mrs. Cuthbert; her husband only heard her.

"Wa'al, they are safe enough now—an' I guess I'll fetch the coal," said the boy with the stolidity of a true son of the soil, seizing the coal-scuttle, but dropping it again to rummage in the inner pocket of his jacket. Here's a letter for you, sir—the man said I might as well bring it 'long, as his boy couldn't get up this way 'fore to-morrer mornin', and you might be in a hurry."

"My telegram," said Mr. Cuthbert, handing it to his wife. "What a convenience these modern scientific discoveries are!"—*Harper Bazar.*

Getting Married.

Aside from the entertainment of guests at the residence of the bride, the expenses of the marriage are entirely borne by the groom, who is understood to be the winner of the prize. If the parties marrying are wealthy and of undoubted standing and respectability in society, they can appropriately celebrate the nuptial ceremony in an expensive manner, the occasion being taken by the relatives and friends as an opportunity for the making of every description of present to the bride and groom. If, however, the parties move in the humbler walks of life, an expensive bridal tour and very great display at the wedding are not advisable. It is much better for the newly wedded couple to commence life in a manner so plain and modest that succeeding years cannot fail to steadily increase their wealth and give them better opportunities. People always more highly respect those persons who steadily go upward, no matter how slowly, than those who attempt a display beyond their ability honestly to maintain. To legally marry in the United States only a few incidental expenses are really necessary. Of these, the license costs in different States, from $1 to $2, and the magistrate, for performing the ceremony, is allowed by law to charge $2. While no law regulates the price, it is customary to quietly present the clergyman $5 or more, according to the ability of the groom. In giving notice of the marriage to the newspaper, it is courtesy always to inclose with same a dollar bill.—*Hill's Manual.*

☞ Worries eat the life away. They bring wrinkles to the face and gray hairs to the head, and half the time they are not only absolutely needless, but absurd. Why, in the name of all that is sensible, cannot we wait until the draught of sorrow is forced to our lips, and not sup needlessly at the cup of gall and wormwood?

☞ The heart is a crystal palace; once broken it can never be mended.

☞ There is a good wide ditch between saying and doing.

How to Repel a Surprise Party.

An afflicted correspondent writes to the Tribune to ask how she and her husband can manage to repel the pirates who at this season of the year organize expeditions to prey upon their helpless neighbors, and call their forays "surprise parties." It is not easy to advise her. Some people have found it effectual to keep a bull-dog of satisfactory ferocity; grease on the front steps is good; some stubborn cases have yielded to the application of a powerful electrical battery to the bell-wire, and a fomentation of a few pails of water dampens the ardor of the assailants. A small-pox placard will sometimes work a cure where other remedies have been exhibited vainly. A gentleman on West Adams street has invented a heroic method of treatment, which was tried last Thursday in the presence of a large surprise party, and proved successful beyond the fondest hopes of the famous inventor. He unhitched the bell-wire from the pull, which he riveted on the inside of the post; then he got a chisel and a screw-driver, and removed all the fastenings from the door-post, so that while it looked like a solid doorway, with a securely-fastened bell-handle in it, it was in reality nothing but a thin veneer of moulding with a bell-pull in it, ready to yield at the touch of an infant's hand. These arrangements completed, he and his wife turned down the gas and watched at the blinds till their unsuspecting victims entered the ambush—the front yard, that is. The forlorn hope was headed by a jovial old man, whose boast is that he is as young in heart as his grandchildren. He weighs about two hundred and sixty-five pounds. This devoted man marshalled his forces and advanced nimbly up the steps. Immemorial custom has prescribed as an absolute rule that when a house is attacked by a surprise party, the pirate at the head of the besiegers shall pull the bell as vehemently as if the residence were that of a doctor, and the stormer the prospective father of a first baby. Accordingly the old gentleman gave a fearful tug, throwing himself back so as to get the luxury of a full purchase. To his surprise, he seemed to pull the whole front out of the house, and with a wild whoop of astonishment and terror he (accompanied by the door-post) threw a back somersault down the steps into the midst of the festal party. He fell on the hireling musician; the hireling musician fell on his fiddle; the door-post knocked a couple of guests over the balcony railing into the rose-bushes, and the whole party knocked each other down like a row of bricks or a card house, amid a perfect pandemonium of shrieks, smashing of dishes and bottles, and the like. The surprise party made good the retreat, carrying their wounded with them, without molestation by the triumphant garrison. The ingenious inventor thinks he has omitted only one detail—he should have tried it first with his mother-in-law, to see that it was in perfect working order.—*Chicago Tribune.*

☞ It is proposed to abolish fast days in Scotland, because they have come to mean feast days so far as getting drunk goes. The London *Lancet* is of the opinion that there is too little fasting nowadays among strong and comfortable people, who make themselves too comfortable, and eat and drink in excess of both want and work, and points out that a fast is desirable from a medicinal as well as a religious point of view.

☞ A young Frenchman, to avoid conscription, pleaded that his right arm was paralyzed. The story was not believed, and various pretexts were resorted to to compel him to acknowledge the efficiency of the member. It was proposed to cut it off, but the young man did not shrink in the presence of the surgeon and his instruments. Under pretext of taking him to another hospital for the operation, he was thrown into the river that was crossed. He at first swam with his left arm, but finding that insufficient, finally struck out with his right, and revealed his trickery.

☞ "Before we were married," he said to a friend, "she used to say 'by-by' so sweetly when I went down the steps." "And now what does she say?" "Oh, it's just the same," exclaimed the man—"buy-buy." "Oh, I see," said the other; "only she exercises a little different 'spell' over you."

A Large Farm Chewed Up.

At the age of twelve years I commenced the use of tobacco, with the opinion that it looked very manly to use it. I had considerable difficulty in forming the habit. I was very often sick and blinded from the effect of it, but by-and-by the habit was formed and I was a tobacco chewer, ejecting from my mouth tobacco juice. My parents tried to prevail upon me not to use it, but in vain. I had my plugs about the barn. As a source of expenditure the habit was a success. I was able in a year or two to use fifty cents' worth a week. It puzzled me greatly to provide the spare change to enable me to continue the luxury (as I esteemed it). Frequently the use of it produced nervousness and prostration. I was often subject to great inconvenience in entering the house of some tidy housekeeper to find a place to spit; was often obliged to hold the tobacco in my mouth until it was full and running over, then a rush for the door. At other times I would swallow the juice, which would produce a burning sensation in my stomach, causing an increased flow of saliva; still I persisted in the use of the weed. Twenty years sped away, through which I had probably averaged fifty cents a week, or $26 a year. Having a little leisure one rainy day, I begun a calculation of what it had cost me, principal and interest, in twenty years, which I found to be $1,500, that is, if the $26 had been loaned at ten per cent. interest and compounded annually; this brought me to the age of thirty-two years, when I found that the $1,500 loaned at ten per cent. interest and compounded annually, in twenty-eight years or by the time I would be sixty years of age would amount to nearly $24,000. I passed my fingers through my hair, and thought what a good sized farm that would buy. And yet how many have chewed on to sixty years of age, chewing up two or three farms. I quit, and have enjoyed life better for it.—*Billy Biddles in Co-operative Journal.*

Fifty Literary Enigmas.

In the Herald of Health are given the following fifty statements or questions, each of which is properly answered by the name of an author. It is the game of authors in a new style, and offers entertainment for at least one evening:

1. What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly. 2. Is a lion's house dug in the side of a hill where there is no water. 3. Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him. 4. Makes and mends for first class customers. 5. Represents the dwelling of civilized men. 6. Is a kind of linen. 7. Is worn on the head. 8. A name that means such fiery things I can't describe their pains and stings. 9. Belongs to a monastery. 10. Not of the four points of compass, but in clining toward one of them. 11. Is what an oyster heap is likely to be. 12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark treasure. 13. Always youthful, as you see; but, between you and me, he was never much of a chicken. 14. An American manufacturing town. 15. Hump-backed, but not deformed. 16. An internal pain. 17. Value of a word. 18. A ten-footer whose name begins with fifty. 19. A brighter and smarter than the other one. 20. A worker in precious metals. 21. A very vital part of the body. 22. A lady's garment. 23. Small talk and a heavy weight. 24. A prefix and a disease. 25. Comes from a pig. 26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot. 27. A sick place of worship. 28. A mean dog 'tis. 29. An official dreaded by the students of English universities. 30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or Hottentot. 31. A manufactured metal. 32. A game, and a male of the human species. 33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tupper?" 34. Meat? What are you doing? 35. Is very fast indeed. 36. A barrier built by an edible. 37. To agitate a weapon. 38. Red as an apple, black as night, a heavenly sight, or a perfect fright. 39. A domestic worker. 40. A slang exclamation. 41. Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so, you'll get at her. 42. A young domestic animal. 43. One that is more than a sandy shore. 44. A fraction in currency and the prevailing fashion. 45. Mamma is in perfect health, my child; and thus he named a poet mild. 46. A girl's and a male relation. 47. Take heavy field-piece, nothing loth. 48. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much-loved poet you'll see. 49. A common domestic animal, and what it can never do. 50. Each living head in time, 'tis said, will turn to him, though he be red.

The New Boarder.

At a private boarding house the new boarder is an object of special interest. He walks into the house awkwardly, hangs his hat carefully on the rack, casts a hasty look over his person to see if his vest is pulled down, arranges his collar and cravat, runs his hand over his head to mash down some unruly tuft of hair, and then walks into the parlor as a lover would on his first visit to his sweetheart. Then follows an introduction to the other boarders and the ladies, and among the multiplicity of names you catch only one or two. He has now crossed the Rubicon, but there are several other things to transpire before he is fairly landed.

He sits in his chair with all the grace at command, while he is being measured by the ladies. They either think him "perfectly handsome" or awfully ugly," never a compromise between the two. He sits there quietly and with an attempt at dignity. He has nothing to say, being a stranger, and the boarders, being strangers, have nothing to say to him. The ladies all the time keeping up a volley among themselves of wonders as to if he is married, what he does for a living, etc.

After an awkward pause, the bell rings, and the party files in to supper. The new boarder takes his seat in an easy way, and looks as if he was about to sit down on a pincushion. He commences his supper with the air of a man who could be satisfied with the tongue of a snow bird, and when he leaves the table he is as hungry as though he had eaten nothing at all.

It takes several days to wear away the stiffness attendant upon his coming. After this he is one of the family, and looses interest. He takes his seat nearer the fire, and makes mutual comments on some other new boarder.

Gems of Thought.

Life everywhere! The air is crowded with birds—beautiful, tender, intelligent birds to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms, from the animacule so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves.—*G. A. Sala.*

It is wise and safe to put to one's faith the test of an open confession. Try it, see whether it be faint or strong—whether it be reality or a delusion. Is it a hope which prompts you to speak out? And all who take Christ as their Saviour need to take him openly that others may be started in the right way. The decisive step which the apostles took when they were dragged before the council must have confirmed the faith and kindled the courage of many a wavering disciple.

☞ The Marquis of Waterford annoys British railway managers by always riding third class, as it diminishes their first and second class travel. One day the Marquis appeared and bought a third-class ticket to Dublin. The railway men thought to teach him a lesson, and for that purpose sat a chimney sweep down beside him in the car, thinking to drive him out. The Marquis surveyed his traveling companion for a moment, and then started for the ticket office. "Give me a first class ticket to Dublin," he said. They thought he had him sure, but he simply returned to the third class car, and making the sweep a present of the ticket, escorted him and his brushes to the first-class carriage, and leaving him there, returned to his favorite compartment.

A Hundred Years Ago.

A hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned. No iron stoves, no friction matches had been used, and all the cooking and warming in town or country were done by the aid of a fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick ovens. Pine knots and tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter nights, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. Only one room in any house was warm, unless some member of the family was ill; in the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter.

☞ Do not forget that while you fold your hands time folds not up his wings.

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HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., } Associate
REV. AUSTIN W. MANN, 677 Euclid St., Cleveland, O. } Editors.
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Religious Notices.

Rev. A. W. Mann will (D. V.) hold church services as follows: In the chapel of St. John's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sunday afternoon, April 8th. In the evening Bishop Jaggar will hold Confirmation services in the same church.

In Pittsburgh, Pa., Sunday afternoon, April 15th, at some place which will be designated in due time.

Confirmation at St Paul's Church, Albany, N. Y.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1877.

The Right Rev. Bishop Doane has changed his appointment, and will hold the Confirmation in St. Paul's Church, Albany, N. Y., on Sunday evening, April 29th. I trust that all deaf-mutes in Albany, Troy and vicinity, desiring Confirmation, will improve this opportunity. I shall be glad to see any on this subject on Saturday evening, the 28th inst, in Troy, and also at the quarterly service in St. Paul's church, Albany, on Sunday, the 29th, at 2:30 P. M. If any desire baptism, I shall be glad to baptize them at this service so that they will be ready for Confirmaion in the evening.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

A Foreign Soiree.

Through the kindness of Principal Nelson of the Central New York Institution, we are enabled to make the following extract from the London Pictorial *World* referring to one of its illustrations, a group of deaf-mutes taken in the midst of conversation:

"Anyone present at the annual soiree of the Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb on Thursday, February, 8th, would have felt the fact irresistably impressed upon them that at similar gatherings where friends are wont to meet after absences that extend over long periods, the cordial shake of the hand, and the general hum of conversation, tend to add a liveliness and animation to the scene. But when that cheerful hum is missing, and instead of tongues being allowed to wag, fingers are set to work, an impression is conveyed not easily forgotten. Not that the scene presented an aspect wherein cheerfulness was wanting—quite the contrary; for while at tea, fingers were hard at work, carrying on a conversation that heeded no interruption from full mouths; and certainly good-humored cheerfulness beamed on the faces of the numerous visitors assembled, who seemed to look upon their affliction as no affliction at all. After the tea had been discussed, an adjournment took place to St. Saviour's Lecture Hall, where a meeting was held, all the addresses being interpreted in the finger and sign language. After the speaking came an exhibition of legerdemain, followed by an ameteur drama played entirely by deaf-mutes, by means of the fingers, the Rev. S. Smith, chaplain of the association, kindly interpreting for the benefit of those who had not tongues at their fingers' ends. But while discoursing of the evening's entertainment we have said nothing of the society which called it into being; and we cannot do better than quote the Lord Mayor's speech at the recent annual meeting, whereat his lordship observes: 'But for this and other agencies the deaf and dumb would be in a very helpless condition indeed. The society is not established for scholastic purpose, but to provide for them religious and secular instruction, after they have passed through the schools for deaf-mutes; and were it not for the thoughtful care thus bestowed upon them, their position would be very abject indeed. The deaf and dumb are visited at their own homes and aid is also given them to find employment. The society also has given the school board its valuable assistance in commencing and carrying on the education of deaf children in their schools. The results of this meeting will, I trust, be a source of rejoicing to my reverend friend, the secretary and chaplain. I trust that one of the results will be that you will supply the means to provide for the one great want of the society, a residence for the chaplain; and thus, while recognizing his devotion to this valuable society, enable him to continue this great and holy work with some greater ease to himself and with far greater advantage to the deaf and dumb both as regards their temporal and spiritual welfare.'"

Magnetic Physician.

Mrs. Elizabeth M. Gray, M. D., (the mother of Miss Leonora C. Gray, a deaf-mute) of 84 Keap St., Brooklyn, N. Y., is a magnetic physician by profession. She is also an author by occupation. A new book of much merit, of which Mrs. Gray is the author, is now being issued under the title of "The Blind Musician." Mrs. Dr. Gray's office hours for consultation and the treatment of diseases on magnetic principles, are from 8 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Consultations free. Persons wishing to consult by letter can do so by enclosing postage stamp and sending to the above address.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, April 8th.

The Psalter for the 8th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XLIII.
2d Lesson—Acts I.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah XLVIII.
2d Lesson—Corinthians XV.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Easter.

Sunday, April 15th.

The Psalter for the 15th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Hosea XIII.
2d Lesson—Acts III.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Hosea XIV.
2d Lesson—Colossians I.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday after Easter.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

REV. A. W. MANN held a service in the Chapel of St. Paul's Church, Jackson, Mich., on Wednesday evening, March 28th.

THE Western New York Institution has an item, giving it some eight thousand dollars, in the Legislative Supply Bill.

A candy pull was enjoyed by the retiring officers of the Boys' Club of the Michigan Institution, recently. Everything ended sweetly.

THE "annual sleigh-ride" of the pupils of the Michigan Institution came off March 13th. It has been an annual treat for the last six years, we believe.

THEY have been having a temperance revival in Flint, Mich., and two hundred and five names have been secured from the institution for the deaf and dumb there.

THE Kansas Institution has, or is going to have, hot air to warm and gas to light with, and stoves, and other old-time paraphanalia, are advertised to go to the dogs.

BISHOP MCLAREN, of the Diocese of Illinois' visited St. James' Church, Chicago, on Palm Sunday, and confirmed a class of fifty-one persons, three of whom were deaf-mutes.

THE title of the Kansas Institution has been purged of its obnoxious "Asylum," through special act of its Legislature, and folks thereabouts are beginning to hold up their heads.

IT is quite settled that Mr. FRANK READ is to be the orator, and Miss ANGIE FULLER, the poet, at the reunion of graduates of the Illinois Institution, to be held during the coming summer.

MR. S. M. BROWN, of New York city, stopped in Rome, N. Y., while on his way to Ottawa, Canada, to fulfil a business engagement. He has two little children, the second coming, to keep the first from being lonesome, last January.

THEY talk of putting up a separate building for the blind in Michigan; and broad hints are thrown out that Principal PARKER *pro tem.* will soon get rid of the incumbrance to his name, and the small army of applicants for the Principalship there will govern themselves accordingly.

THE burning of one Institution—the Iowa—is enough for one year, and we are relieved to know that though a gas pipe broke in the Illinois Institution, recently, letting out much gas, and several explosions, and plunging the building in darkness, causing confusion and excitement among the boys, nothing was burned, and folks were more scared than hurt.

YESTERDAY evening a poor deaf and dumb man entered the Bremen Street Station and solicited charity, presenting a note, signed by H. C. Holt, Greenfield, Ohio, describing his sad infirmities. To test him, the Sergeant took him by the ear and gave it a severe twist. The man yelled out in plain English, "Oo, ouch! let go there." Whereupon he was clinched into a cell on the charge of vagrancy and being an imposter.—*Cin. Com., March 14.*

MANY graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution visited the Centennial last summer. They came from twelve of the States. Some had not been there since they left school, between forty and fifty years ago, and their names are on the corner stone of the first building erected in 1824. They visited their old school of course, and the officers were very glad to see them, the occurrence making a very thoughtful paragraph in the Principal's report for the current year.

JAS. H. MCMECHEN, Jr., son of Rev. I. H. MCMECHEN, of Wheeling, W. Va., was educated at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn. He has been engaged for the last two years in selling two or three useful little books—"Choice Maxims," "Common Sense Proverbs," and "Ripe Thoughts"— gotten up by his father expressly for his son's benefit. He has canvassed successfully many of the larger cities and towns of the country; ships himself from point to point in perfect safety; is a youth of intelligence, good morals and fine address, and is at present in the city of Baltimore.

A CURIOUS mute lives out west. He writes to a paper to tell about a deaf-mute being run over and killed on a railroad track. He then goes on to recount how he, himself, nearly had his precious life knocked out of him. He was crossing a long railroad bridge, and when half way over was met by a train; but suspending himself over one side of the bridge, holding on by the edge of the ties, the train passed without harming him, more than tearing a button off his vest. After this personal news he winds up thusly:

"The presidential question being settled, deaf-mutes may again resume the pleasant and safe (?) amusement of walking on railroad tracks. It will be a good way to furnish the —— with interesting news. Let's all take a walk on the railroad."

Comment is useless.

WHEN a mistake in the types causes *come* to read *came*, educated people mentally make the correction, and think no more about it. But once in a while there turns up a chap, like the *Mirror* man, for instance, to whom it "don't sound right some way"; and he straightway lets the public know the fact. Glancing over the same issue of the *Mirror* in which this mighty convulsion of feeling is made, the following is easily found, and we give it with our own italics, debiting them to the typographical error account of the *Mirror*, though a discerning public may prefer to charge them elsewhere: "President HAYES has a ward *which* is deaf and dumb. So *says* the papers." We mention the little matter to show that, while *came* undoubtedly should have been *come*, the *Mirror* is not exactly the party to say so.

AT about eight o'clock Saturday evening, March 31st, 1877, the editor of the JOURNAL stepped from the kitchen into the dining-room and announced to the little company in waiting—consisting of Mr. and Mrs. EVAN W. EVANS, of Rome, N. Y., Mr. HIRAM L. BALL, Mrs. G. J. CHANDLER, Miss H. A. AVERY, Mrs. H. C. RIDER, Miss LOUISA WOODWARD, of Constantia, N. Y., GUSSIE CHANDLER, GRACIE and EDDIE RIDER—that the laws of evaporation and condensation by artificial heat had maintained their world-wide reputation, and that he had successfully completed the process of making maple "wax"; in short, that he had by his ceaseless watching of the fire and unremitting manipulations of the ladle to prevent the catastrophe of "boiling over," completed the first chapter in the history of the little party, and "sugared off." The company took in the situation at a glance, and with the exception of Mrs. CHANDLER, who has no tooth for sweets, forthwith surrounded the festal board and drew sweet consolation and delicious inspiration from the time-honored wax to the full capacity of their respective abilities for such rich enjoyments. The party afterwards very happily spent a couple of hours in social intercourse, and adjourned fully convinced that if they were not wiser than before, they were at least sweeter. Thus ended the second chapter.

The Ephphatha Sunday School.

BY E. M. GALLAUDET, LL.D.

In a pleasant suburb of the city of Washington, on the second Sabbath afternoon of each month, a Sunday-school concert is held, of a character altogether unique. No signal bell is struck at the opening; for there is never a hum of busy tongues to be hushed. No voice is heard in prayer. No organ note calls to the joyous praise of God in singing; for those who have "come before his presence with thanksgiving" have no power to show themselves "glad in him with psalms." Silence reigns throughout all the exercises, not from choice, but from necessity; for the scholars in this school dwell at all times in stillness scarcely less profound than that of death itself.

The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Washington consists of two departments: one a college with forty-eight students, varying in age from sixteen to thirty years, and a Faculty of seven instructors; the other a primary school with forty pupils, from seven to eighteen years of age, and four teachers.

The officers and members of these quite separate departments are united in an organization, which has taken the name of Ephphatha Sunday-school, meeting every Sabbath morning for Bible study, in classes arranged as those of an ordinary Sunday-school, and pursuing the International Series of lessons.

For the February concert of the Sunday-school the subject for consideration was "Youth." The exercises began with the recitation of the following verses in the language of signs, by one of the younger pupils:

> Dear Saviour, ever at my side,
> How loving thou must be,
> To leave thy home in heaven to guard
> A little child like me.
>
> Thy beautiful and shining face
> I see not, though so near;
> The sweetness of thy soft, low voice
> I am too deaf to hear.

In the rendering of this hymn the absence of music was at least partially compensated for by the poetry of motion, which is often an element of great beauty in sign recitations.

Texts of Scripture followed, given letter by letter on the flexible fingers of the girls and boys of the primary department. Of these passages a few may be given as examples:

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his *youth.*"

"For thou art my hope, O Lord God: thou art my trust from my *youth.*"

"I will remember my covenant with thee in the days of my *youth.*"

"I write unto you, *young* men, because ye have overcome the wicked one."

"Let no man despise thy *youth.*"

"Wherewithal shall a *young* man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy *youth.*"

"My father, thou art the guide of my *youth.*"

Rising in their places, with hands lifted high above them that their speaking fingers might be seen by all in the room, the voiceless children gave forth their sacred messages as silently and yet as plainly as "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge."

The graceful movement of hands and fingers in this exercise suggests the waving of leaves and flowers in the breeze, a form of expression full of meaning, no doubt, to Him who "clothes the grass of the field;" and not without some significance to mortals who do not yet catch the full import of the voices of nature. So to strangers who have not learned to read from finger-tips the utterance of thought by the manual alphabet is far from being expressionless.

In place of the recitation of a Scripture text, one of the elder girls rendered in signs the hymn beginning:

> Jesus, take me for thine own;
> To thy will my spirit frame.

Short addresses, pertinent to the subject for the day were made by students of the college.

The hymn,

> Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
> Who will go and work to-day?

and the old Sunday-school song,

> Around the throne of God in heaven
> Thousands of children stand.

were recited by students at appropriate points in the exercises; a few words of earnest exhortation were added by two of the teachers, and the concert was closed with prayer by the President of the college, who is also the duly elected superintendent of the school; all these exercises being, of course, in the language of signs.

The Ephphatha Sunday-school is not backward in works of charity, a collection being taken in it each month. For two years, the funds so gathered were devoted to the mission work of the American Sunday School Union in the West. Contributions have also been made to the Home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes established in New York City. At present, however, the school is providing for the support and education of an orphan girl in Smyrna, in one of the mission houses carried on by the Women's Board of Missions. This child has received the name of Sophia Gallaudet, the early pupil and now venerable widow of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the father of deaf-mute instruction in America, and it is the purpose of little Sophie's teachers in Smyrna to prepare her for the work of instructing deaf-mutes in her native country.

The Ephphatha Sunday-school has its annual picnic or excursion, like other schools. On one occasion Mount Vernon was visited. Two years ago the entire school journeyed by canal to the Little Falls of the Potomac; and last summer the scholars, through the liberality of the Board of Directors of the Institution, enjoyed the great pleasure of a visit to the Centennial Exhibition. Many former members of the school are now teachers in State or city institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb; others have returned to distant homes to engage in various employments, and there is reason to believe that the good seed sown in their hearts while they were members of the Ephphatha Sunday-school will yield an abundant harvest.—*Sunday-school Times.*

The Bishop of Manchester at the Deaf and Dumb Schools.

A public examination of the pupils in the Manchester, England, Deaf and Dumb Schools took place a few days ago at the Institution, Old Trafford, under the presidency of the Bishop of Manchester. The attendance of visitors was large and influential.

The Bishop said that, after the extremely interesting exhibition they had witnessed, it became his duty to address a few remarks to them. One of the first things that the mind of man appeared to have done after it had satisfied itself with an external survey of nature was to turn its thoughts inwards upon itself, and try to ascertain its own wonderful construction and capacities. If they went into the libraries of students who were addicted to that branch of study, they would see shelf upon shelf filled with volumes of such abstruse subjects as metaphysics and psychology. He was not going to enter into or attempt to carry their minds into these abstruse subjects, but he could not help thinking, after the exhibition they had been witnessing, that it did throw light upon the wonderful gift which each person possessed, and which they called their mind.

It was a maxim in a certain school of philosophy that "there is nothing in the mind but what has been previously poured into it through the senses," to which another great philosopher replied, "The maxim is perfectly true if you add to it 'except the intellect itself.'" There was the mind with all its wonderful complicated arrangements, all its capacities and powers latent until something was poured in from without to set it in motion. The Egyptians had a wonderful statue, which was fitted up with strange mechanical arrangements, of this kind, that when the morning sun struck upon it with its beams, it gave forth sounds of music. That was something like the condition of the human mind before an impulse had been given to it from without. Or he might compare the mind to one of those wonderful machines which they all owed to the genius of Watt, which stood motionless (though perfect in all its construction) until steam was let into the cylinder. Then the piston was lifted, and the machine moved a train along the rails at the rate of scores of miles in an hour, or set in motion thousands of spindles.

He had before him some very interesting speeches which he had been reading since he came into the room. They were speeches delivered at the inauguration of the infant school connected with the institution in 1860, by Mr. Thomas Turner, the Rev. Canon Beechy, and others, and the remarks those speeches contained left nothing for him to add upon those particular points. He supposed it was very difficult to form any notion of the condition in which the minds of those young children were when first brought within the walls of that institution, and were submitted to that exceedingly interesting and successful course of instruction which the assembly had just witnessed in its outline at the hands of Mr. Patterson. He believed there was at present a considerable controversy amongst persons conversant with this department of education, as to the best mode of developing the latent powers of deaf-mutes. He quite appreciated the force of an argument just made use of by Mr. Patterson, that those who had been in the habit of communicating by signs would easily learn to communicate with Indians or Chinese, because essentially the imitative character of the human mind naturally expressed itself in the most obviously natural signs, and those would be pretty nearly the same in either hemisphere. Still, there seemed to be an advantage in the attempt to teach deaf-mutes to articulate, which the language of signs did not possess.

Attempts had been made, he believed, in Holland, to teach deaf-mutes to articulate, and he was informed that the system was about to be generally adopted in the United States of America. But there would be a difficulty in teaching it here, in consequence of the extra expense that would necessarily be incurred in employing a very much larger staff of teachers; and this of course opened up a large question. Institutions of this kind in America were largely supported by the State, whilst in this country they were kept up almost entirely by voluntary benevolence. He did not mean to enter into the question of how far the State had fallen short of its duty in leaving objects of such paramount importance as these to be taken up in paroxysms of charity, and to be maintained solely by private benevolence, but they must deal with things as they found them and inasmuch as the State did not seem disposed to take upon itself this burden they must,—feeling that they were all members of a great social system, one branch of which could not suffer without the others suffering—take the burden upon themselves, and try to produce the best results they could with the resources they had at their command.

Perhaps none of them could conceive the actual condition of those children's minds when first submitted to the course of instruction there given, but he thought this was plain, that they all had the same faculties, feelings, desires, passions, and appetites which all present had latent in them, and he was sure the most interesting exhibition of those boys that morning, in which they described by signs various operations, showed that they had a mode of expressing their thought and feelings precisely similar to their own. He saw upon the walls of that room the portrait of a girl who, he was told used to correspond with the celebrated Laura Bridgeman of the United States. He heard much of Laura Bridgeman when he was in America, and had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. Howe, who had trained her. That was a most remarkable case. Three of the five windows of the soul—and those three of the most important—were absolutely closed in that girl. She was not only deaf, but mute and blind, yet by the careful, watchful, and philosophical mode of treatment which Dr. Howe applied, her powers were so largely developed that she would have put many of them who had their five windows wide open—or thought they had (laughter)—to shame.

We did not live in an age of miracles; though some people thought such an age would return; but we did live in an age which produced results, almost, if not quite miraculous, by patient working, in obedience to known laws. They would remember that in one of their blessed Lord's miracles, the first effect upon the blind man to whom he restored sight, was that he saw dimly "men as trees walking." The wondrous work was not completed in a moment, and he thought that there was a meaning in that, because Christ was our example, and it seemed to teach them this great lesson that they, poor human beings, with their short sight and fallible powers, must not attempt, or so much as try, to work miracles; but that if they went on working patiently, faithfully, and lovingly with the means at their command, the result would come in God's own good time. If they walked along the true scientific path (and science never was divorced from truth), God would lead them to results which they never could have dreamed of. He took it that Mr. Patterson, believing there was the same organism in those chilnren as in himself, worked patiently on with them until he had developed all those faculties which were latent in them.

He had been told by Mr. Downing, the excellent chaplain of the Adult Deaf and Dumb Institute, that whilst deaf-mutes were most susceptible to religious influences and spiritual ideas, yet they were liable to the same downward course as other people, and that many of them had to be rescued from intemperance or profligate habits, and to be brought if possible under the influence of religion. They would have observed that when Christ opened the ears of the deaf-mute brought to him, he sighed just before uttering the words, "Be open." Why did he sigh when engaged in a work of mercy? Perhaps it would be presumptuous in him to attempt to fathom the meaning of that sigh, but it suggested to him the idea that Christ might have been wondering whether the man would use his faculties when given to him in doing good or harm; whether he would use his tongue in blessing or cursing, or his ears in more frequently listening to that which was to bless him. He was glad to find there was an opening on all sides for those children when they left the schools, as designers, carvers and gilders, printers, engravers, and stone carvers, and that they found ready employment at remunerative wages. He was told that in some trades the use of the tongue was not so necessary, and that there were others in which the employers were rather glad to have deaf-mutes on account of their steadiness and application to work, their attention not being so often diverted by idle conversation. He thought Mr. Patterson might be congratulated on the results exhibited that day, and he only hoped that the moral and spiritual results (which of course they had no means of gauging) would be commensurate with the intellectual. (Hear, hear.) His notion was that the human organism—bodily, mentally, morally, and spiritually—ought to be, and was intended to be, equally and simultaneously developed. With the growth of the body came the growth of the intellect, the conscience, and the will. They did not want the world to be filled with merely clever people. No doubt clever people were a great blessing, but if there was nothing but cleverness in them they might turn it just as probably to a bad use as to a good one. He saw there was a gentleman interpreting his words to the mutes present, and he hoped he would tell them that there was a good opening in the world for them as well as for anyone else, if they would be steady, industrious, honest, truthful and trustworthy. (Applause.) There might be other qualities which would command more immediate success. There might be among them a man who had a special aptitude for taking advantage of a turn in the market, and for realizing an enormous fortune in a very short space of time. But after all those were the exceptions, and he who succeeded so triumphantly this year might fail the next. The sterling qualities which made England what she was, and by the loss of which she would become very different from what she had been, were those moral qualities to which he had adverted.

He regretted to find that the financial condition of the institution was not so satisfactory as the committee could wish. He confessed that he did not know until now, that it was not endowed like the kindred institution in the same building, and as soon as he got to his banker's he must repair the omission of which he had been guilty, for although there was the name of a bishop among the list of subscribers, it was not his own but that of his predecessor. He did not think that £746 a year in subscriptions was an adequate amount to carry on such an institution in the way it ought to be conducted, and he trusted, therefore, that the contributions, both from Manchester and the surrounding districts, would be largely increased, so that the schools might be increased in usefulness. (Applause.)

Deaf-Mute Service.

Yesterday afternoon Prof. Job Turner, late and for thirty-five years a deaf-mute teacher of the Virginia Deaf and Dumb Institution at Staunton, delivered a discourse before a good number of deaf-mutes at the vestry of First Congregational church in this city, of which they are so kindly allowed free use. He took his text from John 2: 25—"I am the resurrection and the life," and illustrated it in the sign language so clearly that the deaf-mute audience understood him. Last evening the deaf-mutes held a Bible class at Mr. P. J. Wright's in Bachelder court, and read and explained the 23d chapter of Matthew to the satisfaction of the leader.

Prof. Turner is very anxious to see not only the deaf-mute society founded on a firm basis, but also their moral, intellectual and religious condition ameliorated. Citizens, please be so kind as to cheer them up by aiding them with annual contributions, and God will bless you with health, happiness and prosperity.—*Lowell (Mass.) Courier, March 26, 1877.*

Deaf-Mutes in Poland.

MR. George Darwin has brought forward statistics to prove that the intermarriage of near relations does not have the unfavorable effect upon offspring which is commonly supposed. But the director of the Warsaw Institute for Deaf-mutes and the Blind combats this theory, and says that the registers kept in that and similar institutions support the popular opinion. The system of instruction at this asylum is very perfect. Mimic language being almost totally prohibited, the pupils are taught to understand the motion of the lips and to speak more or less distinctly; and after a four years' residence in the institute, they generally attain in both a high degree of perfection. With great judgment the managers have made the technical instruction at the school of the best kind, so that the pupils readily find situations on leaving, and indeed there are never enough to fill all the situations offered. This appears to be the true method with students who would otherwise find themselves at a disadvantage with more favored competitors.—*Galaxy.*

TURIN, Lewis Co., Oct. 16, 1876.

Within the short space of a year and a half, Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup has become the leading cough remedy in my trade, being called for more than any other. I sell it on its merits. No cure, no pay!

H. G. EMM.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally.

50-4w.

—D. C. Salisbury's tannery, Pulaski, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday of last week. Insurance $2,400 on building and stock.

—The Oswego Palladium says: Orlando Greenfield has written a letter to Frank Bloodgood, his deceased wife's sister, and who was a very stiff witness against him, asserting his innocence, declaring that she knows him to be innocent, and appealing to her on behalf of his orphaned children to tell the truth about it.

—The floral display at the Presbyterian Church, on Sunday last, though not very elaborate, was composed of the the choicest flowers, and could not have been more tastefully arranged. In addition to the flowers, there was a small, white cross, around which was entwined a Maurandya vine; also a motto, "Christ is Risen," on white tarlatan, suspended from the pulpit, which produced a most beautiful effect. The ladies who furnished the flowers, and those who arranged them, deserve the thanks of the congregation.

Grace, Episcopal, Church.

The decorations at Grace Church on Easter Sunday were very tastefully arranged, and made the little church more attractive than ever. The altar was covered with white, with the sentence, "Christ is Risen" in illuminated letters upon the frontal; a white cross wreathed with bright flowers standing upon the altar itself.

The font seemed to rise up from amid a bank of callas. Against the wall on the opposite side of the church there was placed a pyramid of plants in pots, beautifully arranged and grouped as to contrast and color.

In front of the window leading toward the robing room, was a large stand completely filled with blooming plants, through which the light from the window produced a beautiful effect.

About the lectern and pulpit, which were hung with ante-pendiums of white, suitably ornamented, were grouped plants and flowers in profusion.

The whole seemed perfection, and was largely due to Miss Josie Smith, who had it in charge, and the ladies who kindly assisted her.

We noticed that friends in other places had sent their Easter greetings, as a vase of callas from Syracuse, and another of lovely rosebuds from New York testified. We learn that the cut flowers were sent (as is the custom of this parish) to the sick after the services, thus remembering the absent, not only in prayers, but in the most touching of gifts.

But what must have added most of all to the pleasure of the festival was the presence of the Rev. W. L. Parker, former Rector of the Parish, now convalescing from a long and severe illness, whose words were doubly welcome to his old parishioners, in that they had sorrowed as fearing they should see his face no more. He preached from the words, "Jesus of Nazareth, whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that he should be holden of it." Mr. Parker was assisted in the opening services by Mr. George H. Myers, a candidate for Orders from this Parish, now studying at St. Andrews school, Syracuse.

The music of the day, both morning and evening, was well rendered, and would do credit to many a city church. One carol in the evening, given by the children at the request of Mr. Parker, had not been sung by them in a year. Too much praise (where so many deserve commendation) cannot be given to Mrs. A. M. Parker, the accomplished organist, who had all the drilling of the choir and children. She gave her friends a surprise by the sweetness and clearness with which she sang a tenor solo in the anthem, and we did not know which most to admire, the melody of the organ under her skillful fingers, or the charming rendering of the solo. Grace Church is fortunate in having such an organist, and she is appreciated both inside and outside of it.

The Children's Service in the evening was bright and hearty, as such services always are, being interspersed with singing of carols. Mr. Parker gave a short address in his usual happy manner. The offerings of the Sunday School for the year were received, a distribution of Easter eggs followed, and, after singing

> "Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"

and prayers, another Easter day came to a close, crowded with pleasant greetings and a happy but subdued joy.

Life Saving Station Number Two.

Supt. Dobbins, in charge of District No. 8 of Life Saving Stations, being Lakes Erie and Ontario, has appointed Marshal E. Parker of Mexico Point, Keeper of Station No. 2, 8th district, at the Point. He swore in at the Custom House this morning, and is now on duty with the following crew: William Fish, George R. Dennis, Arthur Cressett, Elijah Pettingill, Benj. Lamphear, Henry Marsden. The Keeper is appointed to to hold office during good behavior, and the crew will be on duty from April 1 to June 1, and from September 1 to the close of navigation. They are enlisted for one year at $40 a month, and during the interval between June 1 and September 1 will be called together at least once a week for drill and exercise. Their general duty is to rescue vessels in distress and to save property.

The station house, which is 40x60 feet, two stories, stands on the Point, bounded by a beach of gravel and rock. The house will be occupied by the keeper and his family. Below is the kitchen and boat room and above are four rooms. The present equipment consists of a 27-feet cedar life-boat with air-tight cylinder and a cork belt around her. This is a temporary boat, and before the fall gales a four ton self-bailing and self-lighting metallic boat will be furnished. Besides this the station is furnished with medicine chest, hawsers, lines, a mortar and signals. The signals are as follows: Day signals, red, white and blue flags. Night signals, red, white and green star rockets and red, white and green Coston flash lights.

Mr. Parker, the keeper, is familiar with all the surrounding coast and experienced in the rescue of vessels and property.—*Osw. Palladium.*

—Boys, put your handsleds in a good dry place. Possibly we may have some more snow before this time next year.

—Mexico cheese factory opened on Monday, of this week. Mr. George Davis has leased R. T. Weygint's cheese factory near Union Square, and Mr. Weygint has leased the New Haven factory.

—"The Wabash," a College paper at Crawfordsville, Ind., says: "Rev. Mr. Stratton delivered the lecture in the chapel on the 18th. He is very popular with the students, and we have heard the question 'Why can't we have Mr. Stratton deliver a literary lecture for us some time next term?'"

Nature's Responses.

The following lines were written by a mute lady of New York City:

As some poor wretch within a prison cell,
Faint, weary, lonely longing for release,
Hears close beside him, but beyond his reach,
Soft sighs of love and murmured songs of peace,
And knows that never more to him may come
The tender solace of sweet household words,
Yet in his dreams goes out to shadowy glades,
Where wild flowers blossom and the song of birds
Makes tremulous the scented summer air,
And nature gives him loving respite there;

So I, imprisoned by the silence here
That holds me in its bands, more strong than steel,
Yet know that close around me lies a world,
Of wondrous music, which I only feel,
And long for place within that joyous realm
Where flow of wit and song makes glad the hours,
And tones are heard whose cadences may give
The simplest word such strange, unfathomed powers,
Sink down despairing upon Nature's breast.
And find in her strong arms a soothing rest.

M. T. P.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Philadelphia Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Mar. 27, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Joseph A. Roop, a graduate of the Penn. Institution, accepted the call from the officers of of that institution, to take the position of supervisor over the boys, last September, in place of George C. Peters, who resigned his position in good standing. He was from Mattawan, Mifflin Co., Pa., where his relatives live. The officers of the institution found it necessary to add one more assistant for Mr. Roop, and asked Mr. Jacob Paul, of Martinsburgh, Pa., to accept that position. He came at once and assumed his duties two weeks ago. He left that institution about three years ago.

Mr. Joseph Stevens of Altoona, Pa., was killed by the cars on the Penn. Central R. R. at Altoona two weeks ago while he was walking on the track. He was learning the printer's trade.

Rev. Dr. F. J. Clerc resigned his office as Principal of the Burlington College, and went to York, Pa., to live there temorarily. He said there were only about twelve mutes attending his recent service.

By his worthy success as a pastor, Rev. Mr. Syle invited seven mutes to be confirmed by Bishop Stevens two weeks ago. The mission work has grown fruitful and will continue. Philadelphia mutes cannot afford to lose him and especially ask God to provide them a good pastor. I pray God to bless him in his work. Without doubt they will do well to give him their entire support.

A meeting of the Ephphatha Guild was held on the 15th of this month to hear Rev. Mr. Syle, the subject being Salvation, which was attended with interest and attention.

A meeting of the Literary Association was held on the 22d of this month to hear Prof. Cronter, the subject being Customs of Life. I was not there on account of poor health, but am informed that there were 72 persons present. It was a highly interesting and novel subject to those who understood the graphic signs of Prof. Cronter, selected from the best authors among the nations.

John Wright, a mute, was sent to the County jail for thirty days for assaulting his mother, by Judge Thayer of this city.

Henry Jones, a mute, was sentenced to jail for nine months charged with assault with intent to kill his brother with a bowie knife, two weeks ago. He is not yet of age.

Rev. Mr. Syle has talked with the committee selected from the Board of Directors of the Pennsylvania Deaf-mute Institution, about the project of starting another school for mute children under ten years of age. We hope the project will be carried out before long.

ECLIPSE.

Prof. Job Turner at Lowell.

LOWELL, Mass., March 26, '77.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last Saturday evening brought me hither from Worcester, to officiate for the mutes, which I did to my great pleasure yesterday afternoon, at the vestry of the Congregational church, the use of which they are so kindly allowed. A pleasant service did I have, and a joyous meeting was there between myself and one of the deaf-mute ladies present, because we had not seen each other for about forty years. She told me her name—Mrs. Sarah J. Tracy, of Townsend, Mass., formerly Miss Sarah J. Lewis, a graduate of the American Asylum.

In the audience I met Mrs. Martha Tinkham, formerly Miss Dunn, a graduate of the same asylum. She told me that her deaf-mute husband, Jacob Tinkham, also a graduate of the same asylum, was last year accidentally run over by a wagon, and died in three hours at Middleboro, Mass. She has come to Lowell, to live with her sister.

Miss Mary Lackie, a graduate of the American Asylum, left Barnet, Vt., for this city fourteen years ago, and works in the Lawrence Hosiery Mills here. I am told that she writes well.

Miss Caroline M. West, a graduate of the American Asylum, lives here, and is respectably connected. Her brother is president of a bank, and has been twice elected mayor of Lowell.

Miss Martha A. Jackson, a graduate of the American Asylum, moved from Stow to this city two years ago. She works in the Lawrence Hosiery Mills.

Miss Addie J. Barnard, a graduate of the American Asylum, works in a cotton mill. She is a nice little lady of French extraction.

Mr. James Nelson, a graduate of the American Asylum, lives in this city, and has a speaking wife, who once lived in Canada.

Mr. Michael J. O'Neil, a graduate of the asylum, a native of Boston, moved here from Springfield about two years ago and works in the Lowell machine shops.

Miss Nellie Lafferty, a graduate of the asylum, a native of Smithfield, R. I., has lived here eighteen years, and works in the Lawrence Hosiery Mills. She can talk as well as a speaking lady. After service, while I was walking with her, she showed me some splendid mansions, among which was that of Dr. J. C. Ayer, the celebrated pill doctor. He is confined at an insane asylum in New Jersey. His house is built of stone aud commands a fine view of the Merrimac river.

Miss Lafferty has a deaf-mute sister, Mrs. Mary A. Wright.

Mr. Isaac N. Soper, a graduate of the asylum, President of the Lowell Deaf-mute Society, earns a good livelihood by working in the machine shops as a pattern maker. He has a brother and a sister, both deaf and dumb. Joseph is now at school in the asylum, and Ella J. Soper at home—a winder in the Lawrence Hosiery Mills.

Mr. Paletina J. Wright, a graduate of the asylum, is comfortably situated at his own home. He has a deaf-mute wife, formerly Miss Mary A. Lafferty, a graduate of the asylum. He has had so much sickness that his doctor once came near giving him up, but he is now in a fair way of recovery. He is a good mechanic in the sash and blind factory, and is much esteemed by his employers.

Mrs. Mary A. Wright, a graduate of the asylum, has lost a brother and two sisters. Her brother, Daniel Lafferty, a graduate of the New York Institution, was accidentally drowned at Smithfield, R. I.

I have had a pleasant home since my arrival here, with Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Wright, both of whom are deaf-mutes. I owe many thanks to God that I have been so kindly entertained by about thirty deaf-mute families since I entered upon my duties as a missionary to the deaf-mutes. Mr. V. B. Wright of Millbury, is now visiting this family. He has been engaged to work at Nashua, but must wait till he is sent for to go.

I am about starting for West Henniker, N. H., to see Mr. Brown, the deaf-mute Cincinnatus. He has often invited me to visit him, and I must take advantage of my being here to go and see him and talk over old times with him, in whom I find a faithful friend and a wise adviser.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

What Mr. Booth has to Say on the Subject.

ANAMOSA, IA., March 27, 1877.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In your last issue I observe an extract from a Worcester paper relating to deaf-mute editors. The two-axe part of the story probably grew out of some jest, and traveled as a fact. I did not bring two axes, nor one axe, nor even the mythical little hatchet that destroyed the cherry tree. I did not bring a bride to the West nor to Iowa, but came as a single man. The wolves never stole my pigs, though at one time I would have been glad if they or somebody else had done so, for the animals, running half wild in the woods, multiplied beyond all bounds. The writer of the article in the Worcester paper was never in the West, does not know or realize that the Mississipi valley is not a timber but a prairie region, and does not know that prairie wolves don't eat pork. Probably he does not know the difference between pork and venison and live rattlesnakes.

E. BOOTH.

New York Institution Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

It is hard to realize how fast the days are flying past. March will be gone within another twenty-four hours, with its mud and bluster, rare sunshiny days and plentiful drizzling ones.

The Easter holidays have come, and a score or more of our younger pupils have gone home to fry and boil eggs. To-day, Good Friday, an hour is clipped off from school and shop time, in order I suppose, that we may escape being thought entire heathen, for not observing the church festival, as other more enlightened schools do; i. e., by making it a holiday. The second division whose turn it is this week to enjoy the morning session, assembled in the chapel at 9 precisely. Dr. Peet gave a short sermon from the story of Peter and John and the lame man. After this, some of the gentlemen teachers made appropriate remarks on the origin of the day, etc., and the services were concluded with the Lord's Prayer by all in concert and a prayer by the principal.

The High Class Boat Club is very fortunate in being presented with a new set of oars by the directors. The oars are well made and "make a very good appearance," and the boys' fingers itch to try their timber to see whether the best is all on the outside or not.

Speaking of this, reminds me that the *Evangeline* has been put in order for the season, and is all ready to be launched. The boys expect to launch her this afternoon, the weather being so fine. Her color remains the same as it used to be, and notwithstanding her respectable age of ten years, our sweet-heart looks as trim and sound as she ever has. When she is launched, the boys expect to have a splendid time. I hope they will too.

Last Saturday the Hudsons played a friendly game with the Amity. This club has long been considered our crack club, and so it was expected that it would easily white-wash the Amity. So much for theory; now we come to reality—the score at the end of the game stood 16 to 11 in favor of the Amity. There must have been a screw loose somewhere in the Hudsons, or maybe it was that Amitys were too amiable for them.

The same day, the Star, another club of ours, played a game with the Alert, a hearing club of the neighborhood, and beat it by a score of 12 to 9.

Wednesday night some of the High Class boys caught a big rat. Well, you must know that they have a rare taste for physics and other of the "ologies," as you will soon see. They abhorred putting Mr. Rat to death in the vulgar old fashioned way. Cremation was played out, and so it was decided to try the effect of electricity on him. Profs. Clark and Jenkins fixed up the machine, which was a very strong one, being able to throw a spark over a gap of 6 or 8 inches in the circuit. But Mr. Rat was not inclined to give up life easy. For a long time it appeared as if he enjoyed the fun. He would open his mouth, and let the lightning run down his throat as it seemed. At last, finding that the wire trap kept him from being harmed, a wire inserted in a glass tube was introduced between the bars and the trap was turned on end to keep him in a corner; they then succeeded in knocking the spiritual part out of him. I don't know what benefit accured to zoology or electricity by his death; but any of the boys or girls could tell you, I have no doubt.

Mr. John Carlin is here on a short visit to-day.

Somebody says that a young deaf-mute couple are to be married next Sunday. I am inclined to think the rumor an April Fool, for I don't see who would be fools enough to be married on All Fool's Day, but if the rumor is true, I hope they will not be fools—April fools, I should say.

MILO.

Washington Heights, N. Y.,
March 30th, 1877.

New York and Vicinity Notes.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

DEAR EDITOR:—We had a wedding party among the deaf-mutes here last week. On the evening of the 19th inst., quite a large number of them gathered at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, for the purpose of making merry the occasion of the eleventh anniversary of their wedding day. One of the presents given to the host and hostess was a handsome new carpet, which was very acceptable. The committee of arrangements were Mrs. G. H. Gubring, of Harlem, and Mrs. W. Nebel, of this city. Among those at the party were Mr. John Witschief, an ex-president of the Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association, Mr. and Mrs. Seeling, Mr. and Mrs Hewlett, and Mrs. E. Landry, a graduate of the Illinois, Mississippi, and Louisiana Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb. The company did not break up until early the next morning. Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly were educated at the New York Institution before its removal to its present beautiful site on the east bank of the noble Hudson. Mrs. Donnelly was the widow of James W. Jennery, who died in the interior of this State several years ago, and an account of whose sad death has been given in the JOURNAL.

The only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Ryer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a child about four years of age, died on the 20th inst. The little one had been quite a curiosity among the deaf-mutes, on account of his having an uncommonly large head, which according to rumor was as big as a tea kettle; to make up for this defect of nature, Mr. and Mrs. Ryer have a beautiful little daughter.

There are now five deaf-mutes on Blackwell's Island, three of them are males and two are females. One of the men is deaf, dumb and blind. This is a terrible misfortune.

We learn, as newspaper gossip goes that President Hayes has a deaf and dumb niece, a beautiful girl about fourteen years of age, with a pleasing countenance. We have no doubt that Fanny will have the best of education, and as Mr. Hayes is a true Christian gentleman, of course his sympathies are enlisted in the cause of the deaf and dumb. The National Deaf-mute College at Washington may expect favors on this account.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet officiated at the afternoon session for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church last Tuesday. The silent portion of the congregation was quite large. A fair will be held in the church during the second week after Easter, the proceeds of which will be devoted to some charitable purpose.

The JOURNAL, the *Educator* and the *Deaf-Mute Advance* are welcome visitors at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes here. It would be a pleasant treat to the inmates if copies of all the institution papers were sent to the Home. The papers would be much appreciated, and highly valued. Miss Middleton, the kind and faithful matron, feels a deep interest in the afflicted and unfortunate, and she would be glad to see these papers in the hands of those under her charge. The Home is at present located at 220 East 13th street in this city. Who will be the first to send a copy?

Dr. C. A. Budd, a brother of Mrs. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, has been lying very ill for some time past. At last accounts he was a little better. Dr. B. is a well known medical gentleman of our city, and he has rendered some valuable, gratuitous services to the deaf and dumb here.

Mr. T. N. Raffington, of Detroit, [now of Chicago, we believe—ED. JOUR.] was educated in England. He was a schoolmate of Mr. James Lewis, the missionary to deaf-mutes here. Mr. R.'s father was a wealthy West India planter, but he has seen some reverses of fortune.

We New Yorkers are having most disagreeable weather just now, not a bit of sunshine have we had since Sunday morning. For the past two days, the rain has poured down almost incessantly, and to-day it is snowing. So much for for cold blustering March. In about a month or two we may look for the springing up of green grass, and the lovely flowers will bud and blossom once more. We suppose that many of our young friends now pupils at the New York Deaf-mute Institution are eagerly looking forward to the near approach of their annual vacation.

GUICCIOLI.

New York, March 28th, 1877.

Prof. Job Turner at West Henniker, N. H.

WEST HENNIKER, N. H., Mar. 28, '77.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last Monday morning I took the Boston and Montreol express at Lowell for Concord, and got off at Hooksett, eight miles from the former place, to call and see my deaf-mute friends, Mr. and Mrs. Head, which call I enjoyed very much. To my great joy I found Mr. Head looking much better. He has a fine farm, where I shall spend a few days next June. After taking a very good dinner with them I took the train for Concord and this place, which I reached before dark in a hard rain. Mr. Thomas Brown received me with the cordiality of a true friend, and told me that I was entirely welcome to the hospitalities of his house. He sent his sleigh to the depot to bring me hither. Truly I wish you could have taken a peep at my meeting with him. He has a speaking wife who can make signs as well as if she were deaf and dumb. She has two brothers and two sisters, all deaf and dumb. One of her brothers named George Curtis, was about eight years ago run over and killed by a railroad train. Mr. Brown's first wife, a deaf-mute, died about 15 years ago. He has a deaf-mute son who is instructor in the deaf-mute institute at Flint, Michigan. At Mr. Brown's request I read and explained some Bible passages and offered prayer, after which we all retired for the night. The next morning after breakfast, he showed me his farm which I found well cultivated. He has 15 head of neat cattle, twenty sheep, two sows with 19 pigs, two horses and a colt. He has three orchards which afford him more apples than he wants. His house has seen about ninety winters. Near it stands a large elm tree which has never been struck by lightning, though the ground around it has been more than once. The house is pleasantly situated in summer. He has a comfortable study which is adorned with several kinds of flowers belonging to his wife.

Last night, Messrs. John H. Clark, formerly of East Boston, and Henry S. Ellis, late of Thetford, Vt., called to see me, and we had a friendly visit, when Mr. Brown requested me to hold a short service for the benefit of the guests and himself, which I did with great pleasure. I illustrated the first verse of the 119th Pslam—"Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord," by giving several examples, and made a prayer. I have had many nice chats with him. In him I find a gentleman of decided talent, and a warm friend. I must not omit to say that Mr. Brown was for twelve years President of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-mutes, and has had several other honors tendered to him by his friends, both hearing, and deaf and dumb. He has been retired to private life about two years. He has kindly lent me a large bundle of old back numbers of the *Gallaudet Guide*, *Deaf-mute Gazette*, and *Deaf-mute Friend*, to look over at home.

I am about to leave this hospitable home against my will, for Concord and Providence.

He still wears his father's great coat, more than sixty years old, and values it as much as old Zack (President) Taylor valued his old brown great coat, which he wore for about that length of time.

Mr. Erastus D. Preston, a native of Hillsborough, N. H., and a graduate of the American Asylum, has lived with Mr. Brown some time, working for him on his farm. Hillsborough is the place which gave birth to Ex-President Franklin Pierce with whom Mr. Brown was well acquainted. Mr. Brown has been writing journals of the day for forty-eight years, and other deaf-mutes should follow his example. He says he will let me look them over for interesting facts about the deaf-mutes, for your paper, when I come here again.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

A Social Party of Deaf-Mutes.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A social party in honor of Mrs. Mary Ann Donnelly was held at the residence of her husband, Wm. Donnelly, at 170 Avenue C., N. Y. City, on the evening of the 19th inst., tendered by her deaf-mute friends and relatives The party was got up under the auspices of Henry L. Juhring of Williamsburgh, and Mrs. William Nebel of New York. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Youngs, of Flatbush, L. I., sons of Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly and their wives, and Messrs. Klingman and Eckardt, the Vice-President and Secretary-elect of the Manhatten Literary Association.

William Nebel was appointed spokesman on behalf of the committee, to make a presentation speech. He opened his remarks by saying that being a near neighbor he had noticed Mrs. Donnelly making preparations for the party, and saw her while scrubbing thrust a sliver into her finger, which caused her much pain until it was extracted by her husband. At the conclusion of his remarks Mrs. Donnelly was presented with 17½ yards of good carpeting, Mr. Nebel delivering the presentation speech. The gift was accepted on the part of Mrs. Donnelly by appropriate remarks from William Donnelly and Josiah Jennings. Messrs. Eckardt and John A. Clark, the latter of Greenpoint, R. I., made complimentary speeches, after which we partook of the bountiful repast prepared for the occasion. Much credit is due to the ladies who were conspicuous in getting up the party and making it successful and pleasant; among the number were Mrs. Donnelly, Mrs. Nebel and Mrs. Juhring. Mrs. John Witschief and Mrs. Juhring conducted the games of "Post office," "Spinning the Plate" and "Pillow-kiss." With many kind wishes for one another the guests dispersed about the time of the first cock-crowing.

JOHN.

Brooklyn, E. D., March 24, 1877.

Some Humor and a Good Deal of Hash.

DEAR JOURNAL:—It must be a great compliment to know that the JOURNAL has already come into general favor. I would say, long live the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL!

Some time ago a minister who stopped here over Sunday, wrote the following:

"A deaf-mute working on a farm in a mill saw a stranger coming, and thought he would get ready to answer his questions.

"The stranger asked—'What village is that?'

" 'Grist mill,' he replied.

" 'How far to the village?'

" 'Up to that knot.'

" 'You don't know anything.'

" 'Good morning.'

"That deaf-mute was a gentleman."

"I once met a man, and asked him, 'How far to the next town?'

"He looked at his watch and said, 'Half-past four.'

"Soouraffirmities afford us merriment, but we must be careful of each other."

A graduate of the New York Institution went to a feed store with me one morning in Buffalo not long ago. He wanted to buy some feed for his cattle, and while he was examining the samples, the clerk asked him, "Do you trade?"

"Yes, I am a carpenter and a farmer," was the reply.

But when the question was explained, the mute laughed and wrote—

"No, I do not trade; I only wish to buy feed for my cattle."

A well-educated deaf-mute being very sentimental, suddenly plunged in love with a beautiful lady on the cars between New York and Buffalo, and determined to make her acquaintance. He at once took out pencil and paper and wrote—

"I beg your pardon, but I admire your beauty. I am feeling lonesome, &c."

The lady simply replied, "I should advise you to speak to the conductor. It is his business to take charge of fools."

The mute departed for the smoking car, where he lit a cigar and meditated.

Two mutes discussed the question, "Is lager beer intoxicating?" One denounced beer as a great injury and said that one drop often in the end caused many drunkards, and that he once saw a mute give beer to his own two-year-old daughter. The other, being a German, argued that as beer was made of hops, it was as harmless as tea or coffee.

Josh Billings says: "I hev finally kum tew the konclushun that lager-beer iz not intoxikatin'. I hev bin told so by a German, who sed he had drank it all nite long, just tew tri the experiment, and war obliged tew go hum entirely sober in the morning. I hev seen this same man drink sixteen glassses, and if he war drunk, he war drunk in German, and no one could understand it."

Long ago, a witty mute got drunk one night, and was feeling his way along toward his destination, when he slipped down and violenlty struck a lamp-post, smashing his new plug hat. He rose, picked up his hat, and arrived home without any further mishaps. The next morning he told those who had gathered about him that some villian had struck him on the head with a heavy club on his way home, and that he could think of no reason for such a rough act. He proved (?) his story by showing them his demolished hat.

THE DEAF SPOKE.

Another miracle is reported, and this time from Washington—as though anything miraculous could happen there! The reputed subject is a colored woman, Ruth Harris, who has been dumb for eight years. It appears that Ruth committed some dreadful act, and when accused of it, called upon her Creator to strike her dumb if she had done it. She was struck dumb, and never spoke again until one night last week, when she had a dream. Her mother—who died about a year ago—appeared unto her in the watches of the night, and told her that her speech would return to her. Awakening from her dream, she found that her speech had indeed returned. Rejoicing at the recovery, she turned over in bed, touched her husband's shoulder, and when he was aroused, remarked: "What do you think?" He thought the world was at an end, and waited for no explanation. Bounding out of bed he ran into the street and aroused the neighbors. They returned with him, and found that Ruth could really talk again. It is not understood that the husband feels particularly happy over the miracle.—*Buffalo Express.*

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

An organist, for many years engaged in one of the noted churches of New York city, tells the following:

A strange man was acting as sexton. An old gentleman who was deaf took his seat in a pew, and produced from his pocket an ear-trumpet of curious shape, and, to the dismay of the sexton, raised it toward his face. The sexton sprang to his side, and said something in a low voice, whereupon the gentleman attempted to raise his trumpet to his ear, and was prevented by the sexton seizing his hand. With increasing voice, he said—

"You mustn't, sir; you mustn't blow that horn in here. If you do, I shall be obliged to put you out!" And the good old man, pocketing his bugle, heard nothing of the service or sermon.—*Wyoming County Times.*

Before a Baptist church was formed in New York, a Baptist clergyman, walking on one of the streets, approached an old gentleman sitting on the steps of a respectable-looking house, and asked to be directed to some Baptist people in the city, if he knew of any. His question was—"Can you tell me where any Baptist live in this town?" He had to repeat his question in a loud voice, for the old gentleman was very deaf.

The deaf man replied, "I really don't know as I ever heard of anybody of that occupation in these parts."—*Selected.*

"I hope you will be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking out one evening with her intended, during a somewhat slippery state of the sidewalks.

"Why, yes," said the somewhat hesitating swain, "with a little help from your father."

There was some confusion and a profound silence.—*Selected.*

A DEAF OLD SQUIRE.

A case was on trial before a justice of the peace in Vermont, one party in which was his own advocate, while the other employed a third-rate lawyer. The unprofessional advocate saw that his apponent was manifestly gaining advantage of him, and began to consider his case as lost; when casting his eye out of the window, he discovered a distinguished lawyer passing in his carriage. Leaving the court-house, he rushed into the street, called upon the passing lawyer to stop, and, much excited, told him to go into the court and take care of his case, and he would take care of his team.

The lawyer did as he was requested, and the old justice felt himself highly honored by having such an advocate approach before him. After shaking hands with the old squire, who was very deaf, the lawyer said he would take the history of the case from him to the stage which had been reached. Taking a seat near him, the lawyer said: "I will hear your statement."

After describing the case, the old squire stated the principal points in the testimony, and what he himself had said and done. The lawyer said to the old gentleman: "I heartily approve all you have done. I should have done just so myself had I been in your place."

This complimentary approval pleased the court wonderfully; and the opposing counsel saw how the cunning lawyer was working himself into favor with the man who was to decide the case, and he addressed him thus—

"You are not acting honorably."

"What does he say," said the deaf old squire to the lawyer.

"He says, 'you are not acting honorably.'"

"Silence!" said the court.

"You misrepresent facts."

"What does he say?"

"He says, 'You misrepresent facts.'"

"Silence! The court will not be insulted."

"You are a rascal."

"What does he say?"

"He says, 'you are a rascal.'"

"Silence! The court will not endure these insults. I give my verdict for the defendant."

The defendant was the man who undertook to manage his own case. The distinguished lawyer took a respectful leave of the deaf old squire, and went out with his client, who asked for his fees, and was told "Nothing."—*Selected.*

With my best wishes for your success, I remain, as ever, yours truly,

S. H. H.

Arcade, N. Y., March 1877.

The State Survey.

The following are the remarks of Hon. D. W. C. Peck, in defense of the paragraph in the Annual Supply bill continuing the office of the Commissioners of the State Survey another year, and adding thereto three members:

Mr. Chairman—I hold in my hand a letter which I have recently received from a gentleman who has for fifty years been a practical surveyor, an eminent citizen in my district, a man who, through his connection with the sale of lands for the Pierrepont and Wiley estates, has had perhaps as much experience in connection with this subject as any practical land surveyor in the State of New York. I desire to read his letter:

"PULASKI, March 16th.

"*Hon. D. W. C. Peck*—

"DEAR SIR: I have just received a report of the State Survey, have read its contents and from my experience as surveyor and land agent (still over 50,000 acres of unsold land in my charge and over five hundred contracts covering two-thirds as much more) do verily believe that the establishment of county and town measurements, base lines and meridians would amply repay all the expense of such survey.

"Over fifty years' experience has convinced me of the great importance of all that is suggested in the report. Some thirty-five years ago I saw some of these necessities and established a meridian for the lands in my charge in the counties of Oswego, Jefferson and Lewis, which has been of great service, keeping the surveys and locations from confusion and errors very likely to occur in selling new towns, and more so in finding lost corners and lines after the towns are cleared up. Monuments and meridians in every town would be much better.

"Respectfully yours,
"CHAS. H. CROSS."

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Cross supposes that we will establish a meridian *at least* in every county, but he says monuments and meridians in every town would be better.

Let me address myself to the practical advantages of a meridian in every town, for one moment. There is probably not a member of this committee, not a man upon this floor, who does not understand that the compass needle varies from the true meridian from year to year. This variation is not always regular; in some years it is more than others, and at remote periods it may be in opposite directions. Now, every one who has a piece of land, every one who *may* have a piece of land to be surveyed, is interested in the passage of this item in this bill; for the surveyor, whenever this meridian is established in his town, can each year, and oftener if necessary, compare and test his compass by this line, and then every course that he runs will be correctly ascertained and stated.

We have heard exaggerated talk about the cost of this survey. Why, sir, certainty is cheap, uncertainty is dear!

Get uncertainty into all the contracts and papers touching the real estate of the State of New York, and the litigations, the quarrels and dissensions, with everything that follows in their train, will be dear to the people of our great commonwealth. In the early day when land was cheap, an error in the survey was of minor importance; now that values are multiplied by hundreds and even thousands the danger and the disaster growing out ing out from early error are and will be increased in the same proportion; but certainty is always profitable. The same principle that interests a town to have correct weights, correct measures, correct standards, comes in here with equal force requiring the State to have a correct survey, correct measurement, and a correct mapping of its territory. We might as well argue that because some dealer had prospered while using a yard stick that was too long or too short, and because it would cost a trifle now to procure a correct one, he had better go on forever using the old stick.

There is a great misapprehension in the minds of members, and in the minds of the people, in regard to the cost of this survey. I have heard members upon this floor, in private conversation, urging that sureeying has been going on in their midst and that chain and compass and level have been traveling and measuring back and forth across their premises with uo apparent result. They urge that this project is intended to make places, with large salaries attached, for so-called men of science. Now I think I am as much in favor of economy as any upon this floor. I know not what surveys have been going on among them. It certainly was not this State survey. There is an evident misapprehension; that is not the manner in which this work is conducted. There is in my county now a very accurate base line; a base line which has been laid down with great care and skill, and at a very considerable expense, by the United States Survey. It is in my district; a line three miles in length, near the shore of Lake Ontario. That line is absolutely correct, or as near so as human means can make it. That line alone, as now established, will enable our topographical engineers, starting therefrom, to survey all the northern portion of the State; that one line being the only measurement required. A similar line has been established near Buffalo by the same parties, from which all the work for the western part of the State may be projected.

The method is somewhat like this. A staging being erected at each end of the base line, a mirror is placed upon some elevated point, eight, ten or even more miles away, or as far as a flash can be seen, then with a calcium or other powerful light a flash is thrown from each end of such base line into this mirror, and the angles with the base line carefully noted. Now we have two angles and the length of the included side of a triangle, known; from which data either or both of the other sides can be found with absolute certainty. There are no troublesome offsets for obstructions, none of the inaccuracies of chain carrying, but the distance is ascertained with perfect exactness to the next point. Then each of the lines thus determined, becomes a new base line, from which a new departure can be made, and thus your surveyors stretch off with many leagued strides from point to point.

I have witnessed something of this work. A little party went thus over the whole southern shore of Lake Ontario some two years since, and the expense was inconsiderable contrasted with the great distance traversed and the advantages attained.

But there is another practical objection urged, to which I would like to advert. Some fear that it will unsettle lines. That will not be the effect. The relation of individuals to each other will not be disturbed, nor their rights to the same premises they now own and enjoy. A good many years ago it was found that our calendar was out of joint; that we were eleven days out of time, and there was a re-establishment of the calendar year. For a little time our forefathers had to date their legal papers, their deeds, their letters, even, with two dates—old style and new style—but this was only a matter of inconsiderable inconvenience, end one which lasted but for a short time comparatively. The relation of events to each other was not disturbed. Was it not better to make the correction? Was it not better to go forward in the direction of scientific accuracy, than to have gone on in error, bringing the months into non-conformity with the seasons of the year?

I have thus far addressed myself to some of the practical aspects of this case. It seems to me that the great State of New York cannot afford to stand still behind the civilized world in this regard. The older countries have established accurate surveys, and completed their maps, and they are easily understood by all.

Error is costly. Science is cheap, for it cheapens. It cheapens everything we wear, everything we eat, the necessities, the comforts, the luxuries of life. And it lightens all we have to do. It is never expensive in the end.

EASTER ELECTION.—At Grace (Episcopal) Church, Monday, the following were elected: Wardens—L. H. Conklin, M. Bradbury; Vestrymen—C. F. Tuller, G. D. Babcock, D. Barnhard, J. M. Wing, G. W. Pruyne, A. C. Thomas, P. Morgan, H. L. Cole.

—Robins have begun their morning serenades.

—On Monday last our old friend, 'Squire Barnes gave us a call. He has not been well for some time past, but we are glad to learn that his health is now improving.

—We are glad to learn that Mr. John Burrows and family are expected to return to Mexico about the 1st of May. They will receive a hearty welcome from their many friends.

—Begin to look up your garden tools, and see that they are in order for use, for the time draweth nigh when you will need them.

$777 is not easily earned in these times but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. $66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and $5 Outfit free. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 14-1y

Red Jacket's Parable.

Prof. Evans, of Hamilton college, tells a good story concerning an interview which his grand uncle, Joseph Ellicott, an Indian agent, once had with the Indian chief, Red Jacket. Ellicott and the Indian sat down on a log which happened to be convenient for the purpose, both being near the middle. Presently Red Jacket said in his almost unintelligible English, "Move along, Joe." Ellicott did so, and the sachem moved up to him. In a few minutes came another request: "Move along, Joe," and again the agent complied and the chief followed. Scarcely had this been done when Red Jacket said again, "Move along Jo." Much annoyed, but willing to humor him, and not knowing what he meant, Ellicott complied, this time reaching the end of the log. But this was not sufficient, and presently the request was repeated for the fourth time: "Move along, Jo." "Why, man," angrily repeated Ellicott, "I can't move any further without getting off the log into the mud." "Ugh!" said the chief, "just so, white man. Want indian move along—move along. Can't go no further, but he say—move along."

Literary Notices.

Mr. Eugene Schuyler contributes the notable article to Scribner's Monthly for April. "Out of my Window at Moscow" is the title of it, and it is written in a pleasant and popular way, conveying much that is new and entertaining about Russia and the Russians and copiously illustrated. Leander P. Richardson writes about "A Trib to the Black Hills" in by no means a *couleur de rose* manner. Col. Waring's illustrated article on Farm Villages" advocates the grouping of farm houses in villages, as in England, to further sociability and other laudable ends. Another illustrated article is by Mr. Tileston, who writes about "Some American Sporting Dogs," and No. 10 of Mr. Clarence Cook's "Beds and Tables, &c., is published. The fiction comprises continuations of Dr. Holland's "Nicholas Minturn," and Mrs. Burnett's "That Lass o'Lowrie's," and a rather long "Short Story," by Katharine B. Foot, called "Marcia's Fortune."

St. Nicholas—for April, has its usual sketches and stories and pictures to charm and incidentally instruct the juveile mind. Mr. Trowbridge has a "talk with boys" on "Good-will," rather more of the order which had such a bad effect upon the infant mind of Mark Twain; there is a very bad boy, "Orson, gloomy, selfish, unhappy," and a real live angel, "Robin, bright, cheerful, radiant with satsfaction and goodwill," but Mr. Trowbridge preaches pleasantly, and the boys are as good judges of the real value of his sermons as anybody can be. "There is an animal that has the eye of a hawk for affectation," says Charles Reade; "it is called a boy." Frances Lee's "Turning Into Cats" is one of the best of the more youthful stories, Mr. Brook's "Something About Birds," and Professor Proctor's "The Stars for April" convey instruction in very palatable shape, and the rest of the number is filled, as St. Nicholas always is filled, with short and entertaining stories and chit-chat of the kind that boys and girls from four years old and upwards delight in.

Ex-Empress Charlotte.

Nine years ago Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, closed his brief reign in the court yard of Queretaro, where he was shot by command of the late President Juarez, and ever since his widow, the ex-Empress Charlotte, has been a prey to acute melancholia—the paroxysms of which, however, were at first followed by intervals of partial return to reason. In these she was allowed to amuse herself—if amusement is the word for an occupation which turned upon the deepest tragedy—in writing the experience of her husband and herself in their few months' sojourn in Mexico. This she has long abandoned, and in the chateau Laeken, where she is under strict medical surveillance, she has relapsed into confirmed dementia, which her physicians have given up all hope of curing. As in similar cases, she recurs to the predilections of childhood, one of which was a passion for flowers, and she spends most of her time over them, feeding as they do her once lively but now diseased imagination.—*Lancet.*

☞ The San Francisco Call publishes the story of Capt. John Moore, a trapper and prospector in Utah prior to Mormon settlement, and who, at the time of the Mountain Meadows massacre, lived with the Indians near Mountain Meadows. Moore was intimate with Lee, who, years ago, admitted his complicity in the massacre and threw the responsibility on Mormon leaders, including Brigham Young. Moore says the butchery was planned and done by Mormons, the Indians not killing half a dozen emigrants. The Mormons were very poor and the emigrant train was immensely rich. The only object was plunder.

— To persons about to marry—Take care (says Punch) to choose a lady help, and not a lady incumbrance.

They say business is dull; sugar and coffee are selling slowly. Not so with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; we understand our druggists can hardly supply the demand.

Here and There.

—Another big snow storm.

—Robins have come to town.

—And bull frogs will soon be here.

—Poor sleighing and bad wheeling.

—John Whyborn has a supply of blue glass.

—Linus B. Cobb has rented his place to M. M. Lucas.

—John E. Hamill is the new president of Phœnix, a union candidate.

—We regret to learn that Mr. Henry Brewster is in very poor health.

—Some of our weather prophets pronounce the present luna "a wet moon."

—An effort is being made to procure Henry Ward Beecher for a lecture in Fulton.

—The Mexico Union Cheese Factory will commence operations Monday, April 2d.

—The Oswego County Praying Association are now in Carthage, Jefferson county.

—The Oswego County Lodge of the Sons of Temperance will meet in Oswego on the 3d of April.

—Rev. B. Holmes is building a nice cottage on his lot just south of his residence.

—Mrs. Dr. Manwaren has as fine a collection of houseplants as we have seen anywhere.

—Capt. Moore, one of the oldest of lake captains, died of paralysis, Friday, in Oswego.

—The alumni of the Oswego Normal School will spend ten days at the Thousand Island Park, from July 4.

—We congratulate "Jake" Brown on his appointment to his new office—that of taking care of the fire engine.

—W. H. Allbright, of Auburn, again supplied the Presbyterian pulpit last Sunday, to the acceptance of his hearers.

—The trustee of Dist. No. 8 has had the seats varnished and the blackboards slated—a much needed improvement.

—The last Quarterly Meeting of the M. E. Church, for the present Conference year, will be held on Saturday and Sunday.

—Lute W. Hall, of this town, started for Kalamazoo, Mich., on Tuesday. We hope he may be successful in his new home.

—We learn that there have been upwards of 140 applications for situations at the life-saving station on Mexico Point.

—There is said to be a young lady in in this town, who can chew gum in seven different languages, and has not graduated yet.

—We wish our citizens could have pride enough to get the snow off their sidewalks. The walking in some places is dangerous.

—Watertown is to have a grand county temperance raily, from noon of April 3d to the 6th. It includes street parades, ball excercises, etc.

—Becker Bros.' Carpet Exhibitor is attracting much attention. The ladies are delighted with it, and even young men stop to look at it.

—H. H. Dobson has a new machine, called the Dental Engine, which is used in drilling and preparing teeth for filling. It is said to work like a charm.

—We regret to learn that John C. Taylor has been confined to his house for some time with sciatic rheumatism, and at times suffers much pain.

—Mrs. Reuben Shermon, who has been in poor health for some time, has lost her voice, and is unable to articulate intelligibly. She has to make all her wants known by writing.

—We see from the Post Office report for the week ending March 17, that a P. O. has been established at South New Haven, this county, and Geo. H. Patten appointed P. M.

—John Whyborn has recently had the inside woodwork of his store painted, grained, and varnished. The work was done by John Pettit & Son, and of course it was well executed.

—The pulpit of the Presbyterian church was beautifully decorated last Sunday, with flowering plants, supplied and arranged by Miss Carrie Goit and Mrs. Gardner Tuller.

—An exchange says: "There are two times in a man's life when he eagerly scans the newspaper—one is when he has been in an awful scrape, and the other when he is looking for a puff."

—Mr. S. N. Gustin, who has lately been in the West, called on Rev. James P. Stratton, whom he found pleasantly and comfortably situated, and much encouraged with his prospects of usefulness.

—Junius B. Stone went to Camden on Monday, where he expects to be permanently employed in the office of the Camden Advance. He is a pleasant, obliging young man, and we wish him success.

—John Brown has done one more good act. On Tuesday he gave his son "Cert" a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary as a birthday present. Not a bad gift that.

—A light-headed Oswego gallant met a lady on the street and imprudently remarked: "Say, Miss, don't you want to get married?" The lady immediately replied, "yes, but since I have seen you I have changed my mind."

☞ Allison's Patent air-tight Butter Tub for Sale by T. G. Brown. Butter makers, call and see them. 19-tf

PARISH.

Messrs. C. H. Allen and A. Law, of Mexico, have established a meat market in our place.

Rev. E. H. Munger and family removes to Brewerton this spring. He leaves with our best wishes. He aims more to instruct than to be emotional in his discourses.

J. A. Slawson goes to Mexico soon.

We learn that our vacant stores are soon to be filled with goods. Some think that the multiplying of stores is good evidence of prosperity, from the fact that they cause competition. This is not good evidence of prosperity. As soon as competition takes place, then that is prevented by a combination among tradesmen so as to prevent articles from being sold very low. If competition is allowed to go on, then the tradesmen having the most capital will overpower the smaller ones. So, in fact, the more stores we have, the more we have to support, and the expense increased. It is much easier to support a few tradesmen. Instead of using so much capital in trade, it should be used to develop the resources of the country.

Odd.

Parish, March 25, 1877.

NORTH VOLNEY.

The individual at Washington who runs the weather department and who is familiarly designated as "Old Probabilities," undoubtedly has a host of friends, but we believe they are mostly among the inhabitants of our cities. The past winter he tested our friendship to its limits, when he surrounded us with one grand sheet of snow over four feet in depth; and we had a few clear days, when down came the snow and filled our roads mountain high. We don't know but it is all right, but with us forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. No doubt it was fun for him, but let him remove from Washington to some farm in Oswego county, not situated on a main road, and it is our honest conviction that in less than a week he would bring rain from the south-east, and blackbirds, green peas and potato bugs in profusion.

Our district school, taught by Miss Ida Griffin, closed its winter term last Tuesday. A few of the friends and patrons of the school dropped in to note the progress which had been made. The teacher thought best not to have any exercises out of the usual order, which we think a wise decision.

Even.

North Volney, Mar. 26, 1877.

NEW HAVEN.

Mr. H. B. Allen, of New Haven, has been appointed keeper of the Insane Asylum at Mexico. Mr. A. will enter upon the duties of his office some time this week.

Mr. Allen has sold his interest in the grist mill at this place to H. J. Daggett, and Mr. Daggett has rented the mill to Mr. Gideon Jones, formerly of Railroad Mills, Mexico. Mr. Jones is a practical miller, having had a large experience in the business, and people can rely on getting good work done. He takes possession next Monday. We understand that parties have rented the former store in the Stone Hotel building, and are to put in a stock of groceries, &c., some time this spring. Considerable repairs are necessary on this store, and they were commenced yesterday. Mr Crawford, boot and shoe maker, and Mr. E. A. Granger, harness maker, who have occupied this room for two or three years, are thus thrown out of a place of business for a few days.

Occasional.

New Haven, March 27, 1877.

Village Appointments.—At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this village, last Saturday, the following appointments were made:

Clerk—A. F. Kellogg.

Street Commissioner—Theodore Barker.

Chief of Police—Joseph Simons.

Policemen—Geo. A. Penfield and W. Barker.

Jacob Brown to take care of the fire engine.

The Galaxy—for April is a very interesting number. It contains a spirited article on "Hard Times," by Charles W. Elliott; a very good one about "English Traits," from the pen of Richard Grant White, and one equally delectable entitled "Born Away from Home," contributed by Titus Monson Coan. Justin McCarthy's "Missanthrope" progresses finely, and Constance Fenimore Woolson contributes an elegant little story entitled "Sister St. Luke."

—A few days ago we were shown a pair of boots made by Uncle Dan. Dunham. Considering that he has been at work in that trade only about fifty-five years, and is now between 70 and 80 years of age, the work is remarkably well done.

An Act

To provide for uniformity of Text Books in Common Schools, and to reduce the price of the same.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly do enact as follows:

Sec. 1. The principals of the several Normal Schools of this State, together with the Superintendent of Public Instruction shall hereafter constitute a permanent commission to determine and designate text-books to be used in the common schools of this State, as hereinafter provided. Said Commissioners appointed and designated as aforesaid, shall meet at the Capitol in the City of Albany, on the —— day of —— eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, and shall appoint from their number a chairman and secretary, and shall have power to adjourn from time to time. And a majority of said commissioners shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

§2. It shall be the duty of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, at least thirty days prior to any meeting of said commissioners, held for the purpose of taking action upon the matters set forth in section three of this act, to cause to be sent to each publisher and owner or owners of the copyright of each text book relating to the studies named in section three of this act, now in use in the schools of this State, and to others in his discretion, a written or printed notice of the time and place of said meeting of said commissioners, which notice shall contain a statement of the purpose or object of said commission and of its said meeting, and a request to such publishers and owners of copyright and to owners of manuscripts, that they will each forward to said superintendent a copy or copies of each of their said books or manuscripts, for examination, together with their several propositions in writing of the terms upon which they will each severally sell, grant or dispose of their said copyright, and whether for a gross sum, or for a royalty or otherwise, to the State of New York; with further notice that said propositions to receive consideration, must be filed with the said Superintendent of Public Instruction at least five days before the assembling of said commission.

§ 3. Such commission shall have power, and it shall be their duty to examine all the text books and manuscripts presented in accordance with section two of this act, and report therefrom their text-books, or series of text-books in each of the following studies, to wit: Writing, spelling, reading, grammar, geography and arithmetic. They shall report such works as are by them deemed the best, and in their order of merit, as first, second, and third. But nothing herein shall require such commissioners to report or recommend any work by them deemed unworthy of adoption.

Such commission may, at any time, and in case no books, upon any or either study named are presented, as provided in section two of this act, or in case such books are deemed unworthy, or the accompanying terms are unsatisfactory, it shall be their duty also to report, nominate and recommend. for each said study named in section three of this act, not less than three expert and capable educators, who may, in the judgment of said commission be competent as authors for the preparation of text-books upon the respective studies for which they shall be so nominated,

Each said report or recommendation of said commission shall be signed by a majority of the members of such commission present at such meeting, attested by the chairman and secretary, and filed in the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

§ 4. Whenever one or more books or series of books upon any of the subjects named shall have been reported as required in section three of this act, and proposition for the sale, grant or royalty of the copyright of the same filed as provided in said section, the Governor, Comptroller and Superintendent of Public Instruction shall be authorized and are hereby empowered to negotiate and contract with the owner thereof for the purchase, grant or use of said copyright, either for a gross sum, annual stipend, or a royalty not exceeding five per centum upon the cost of the books manufactured and sold within this State.

Said Governor, Comptroller, and Superintendent may so purchase or procure, in their discretion, the copyright of either of the 3 books recommended as first, second or third, as provided in section three, having due regard to the merit of the work, and the cost of the copyright or royalty aforesaid.

§ 5. In case the said commissioners do not report in favor of any book upon any or either of the studies set forth in section three of this act, or in case the copyright or use thereof of any book or series cannot be purchased or procured upon terms advantageous to the State then said Governor, Comptroller, and Superintendent of Public Instruction may contract with and employ one or more of the said experts or authors provided for in section three of this act, to prepare such book or series for and in behalf of the State, and when so prepared the copyright shall be assigned to the Superintendent of Public Instruction for the use and benefit of the people of this State.

§ 6. Whenever the copyright of any book shall be acquired in accordance with the provisions of this act, by purchase, then any person, partnership or corporation shall have the free and unrestricted right to manufacture and sell said book. And whenever said copyright shall be secured by contract to pay an annual stipend or royalty as aforesaid, then every person, partnership, firm or corporation shall have such right to manufacture and sell such book by paying his or their proportionate share of such stipend or royalty, or by indemnifying the State, with good and sufficient sureties to be approved by the Governor, Comptroller and Superintendent, in such manner and upon such conditions as may be agreed upon between the parties and the State, as represented by said Governor, Comptroller and Superintendent, against all loss, cost or charges to the State growing out of said publication.

§ 7. Whenever any book or series shall have been adopted, and the copyright thereof secured as above provided, the Superintendent of Public Instruction shall forthwith send a printed notice of such selection and adoption of such book to each of the several School Commissioners in the several counties of this State, and it shall be the duty of said School Commissioners within ten days after the receipt of said notice or statement, to send or cause to be sent a copy to at least one trustee in each of the several school districts within such Commissioner's district, and to keep a record of the time of such notification of each such trustees.

§ 8. One year from the time of such notification last mentioned in section seven of this act, and thereafter, such book or series of books shall be used as the sole text-book in all the common schools, and union free schools connected with the common school department in this State, and any school district which shall not comply with the provisions of this section, after due notice, as aforesaid, shall forfeit all claim and right to its distributive share of the common school fund, known as the district quota, so long as it shall neglect or refuse to adopt and use such book, or either of said books, as its sole text-book.

No subsequent change of any such text-book so adopted shall be made within a period of less than five years, nor in any other manner than is provided for in this act. And whenever, after four years from the adoption of any book, in his opinion, the Superintendent shall deem a change of any such text-book desirable, he is hereby authorized to call a meeting of the said commission first mentioned in this act, for the purpose of adopting such new book or books. And all the provisions of the several sections of this act shall apply in such case.

§ 9. Each principal of a Normal School acting as commissioner under this act, shall be entitled to receive mileage at the rate of one dollar for every ten miles he shall travel by the most usual route, in going to and returning from the place of meeting of such commission once in each year, when he shall actually attend such meeting, and he shall also be allowed his actual and necessary expenses while in attendance at the meeting of such commission for a period not exceeding fifteen days in any one year, to be audited and allowed by the Comptroller upon the sworn statement of each such commissioner, and no other compensation shall be allowed such persons for acting as such commissioners.

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FOR 1877.

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MORE INTERESTING NEWS AND READING MATTER

relating to the Deaf-mutes than any other paper published.

As in the past, so in the future, the Deaf-Mutes' Journal will be conducted in the interests of the *DEAF-MUTES.* Its columns will be interspersed with

CHOICE ARTICLES

of reading material suitable to the wants of our class of people. Domestic news paragraphs will be abundant and foreign topics freely supplied.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and newsy paragraphs.

Our motto, as heretofore, will be to give subscribers their

FULL MONEY'S WORTH

of choice reading, and we shall endeavor to the utmost of our ability to furnish a paper that shall make all who invest money in the enterprise feel satisfied that they have made a

Good Bargain.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS, all of whom are so well and favorably known for their literary abilities, will be retained, and the Journal will be conducted on a better plan than ever. Our Correspondents and Contributors, regular, special and occasional, embracing writers of moral articles, and spicy productions will supply our readers with interesting reading matter suited to the tastes of the grave and sedate, and spice that will be relished by the gay and young.

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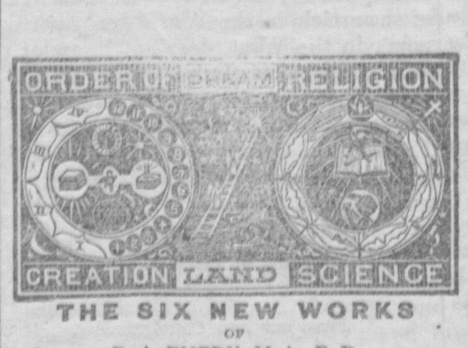

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